

ZUCKER

German-American Poetry from

1800-1850

German

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1913

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GERMAN-AMERICAN POETRY

FROM 1800 to 1850

BY

ADOLF EDUARD ZUCKER

A. B. University of Illinois, 1912

THESIS

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the

Degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

IN GERMAN

IN

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

June 5th 1913

I HEREBY RECOMMEND THAT THE THESIS PREPARED UNDER MY SUPERVISION BY

Adolf Edward Zueker

ENTITLED

*German American Poetry
From 1800 - 1850*

BE ACCEPTED AS FULFILLING THIS PART OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE

DEGREE OF

Master of Arts

Julius Loebel
In Charge of Major Work

Head of Department

Recommendation concurred in:

Committee

on

Final Examination

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GERMAN-AMERICAN POETRY 1800-1850

Chapter 1

German Conditions that Gave Rise to Emigration

After Napoleon had devastated and humiliated Germany more than any other country, the great warrior nation awoke with a holy enthusiasm, a willingness to die, "with God for king and fatherland", a noble, unselfish patriotism such as we seldom find in history. On the fifteenth of March, 1812, Frederick William III issued his proclamation "To my People", in which he promised his subjects a representative government, and which caused the nation to respond with a "levee en masse" that was simply remarkable; out of every eighteen inhabitants one rose to bear arms against the Corsican oppressor, all the more remarkable as Napoleon had already drawn thousands and thousands of able young men out of Prussia for his armies. Undoubtedly this is the greatest sacrifice ever made by any nation under similar conditions. The noblest ideals were inspiring these fighters for liberty: the speeches of Fichte and Schleiermacher, the poetry of Arndt, Schenkendorf, and Körner:

"Frisch auf, mein Volk, die Flammenzeichen rauchen,
Hell aus dem Norden bricht der Freiheit Licht!
Du sollst den Stahl in Feindes Herzen tauchen.
Frisch auf, mein Volk - die Flammenzeichen rauchen,
Die Saat is reif, ihr Schnitter zaudert nicht -
Das höchste Heil , das letzte, liegt im Schwerte!"

and trusting in God and in their good swords the Germans met Napoleon at Leipzig winning a great victory. Blücher, called "Marschall Vorwärts", then drove the French host: "Zum Rhein, über'n Rhein ... nach Frankreich hinein", and Germany was free.

But the hope of the patriots:

"In Deutschland stand der Freiheit Haus,

Wir bau'n es tapfer wieder!"

was not to be realized. Though Frederick William III had twice promised his people a constitution and had by these promises filled them with the glowing zeal for liberty the outburst of which won the battles of Leipzig and Waterloo, yet the weak and vacillating king broke his promises. For, he, together with the other rulers of Europe, was cowed by Metternich, that master of intrigue, who terrified the sovereigns by his bogie "Revolution". Europe was not to be ruled by progressive measures, but by a policy of reaction. The Emperor Francis expressed it very frankly in an address to the professors of an Austrian college: "New ideas are being promulgated of which I cannot and will not approve. Abide by the old. They are good; our fathers prospered under them; why should not we? ... I do not need wise men, but brave and obedient subjects." And so the policy "of doing nothing and letting nothing be done" was begun.

All that came of the German unity was the Federal Diet at Frankfurt, a very loose league composed of representatives appointed by the sovereigns to speak their wills. The will of the sovereigns, of course, was the repression of all

liberal movements, and this, and nothing more, became the business of the diet. Someone has aptly said, "It was no government at all; it was a polite and ceremonious way of doing nothing." This timid body soon became the laughingstock of Europe.* The representative assemblies and constitutions that

* It is also well known how Bismarck held the diet up to ridicule, in his stories about the representatives of the larger states who dared to smoke at the meetings ^{while} those of smaller states were denied this privilege by the stern etiquette.

had been promised were not granted, for Metternich contrived to strike terror into the heart of Frederick William III by making such harmless and boyish ebullitions as the Wartburg Festival seem as the preludes to a revolution that would totter his throne. Anything but progress, was the slogan of the reaction of Metternich. One of our German-American poets, Dr. Daniel Christian Lehmus, who was professor of mathematics at Jena, until he was suspected of being a revolutionary and was forced to emigrate, describes the situation admirably in an ode, "An Metternich":

"Macht gab dir dein schwacher Herrscher, schwer vom bösen
 Feind bedrückt,
 Ehre bot dir Franz als Futter, wie man Frass dem Spür-
 hund beut;
 Treue schwurst du nur den Träumern deiner mönch'schen
 Kaiserzeit,
 Thronen, Fesseln, Schergen, Kerkern, die wie Alba, du

ernent.

Eng vereinand Tücke, Lüge, List, Kraft, List, Verschwiegenheit,

Riesenkräfte des Verstandes - doch kein Herz - nur Sinnlichkeit. -

Nie wird dich die Menschheit ehren, nie ward ihr dein Dienst geweiht.

Im dem Aufflug edler Geister sahst du nur Vernessenheit;
Christlich - Heuchlerisch verbanntest du das Licht in Dunkelheit.

Hörtest keines Mitleids Stimme, keinen Ruf der Menschlichkeit. -

Metternich, dich schrecket beides: Sterblich- und Unsterblichkeit!"

"He who wants to understand this era, that of Metternich, in all its damnable baseness (Niedertracht), who wants to know how the German princes with their courtiers and flunkies have sinned against the German people, he should look to America where the martyrs to German liberty and German unity have by the hundreds, and later by the thousands found a refuge and only too often a miserable grave."*

* Goebel, Das Deutschtum in den Vereinigten Staaten, 46ff.

The men who had staked their lives in the great fight for liberty could, of course, not be satisfied with the kind of

government that the Vienna Congress instituted in Germany. Accordingly, thousands of thinking men rebelled, and were persecuted by the government. This hunting down of suspects, stripping the press of every vestige of liberal sentiments by a strict censorship, imprisonment and trials of the singers of political lyrics began about 1817 and is called the "Demagogenhetze", because in the minds of the timid and often childish officials there could be nothing more dangerous than a "demagog". The situation is splendidly satirized by Hoffman von Fallersleben:

"Ein grosser Teufel ist schon Gog,
Ma-Gog ist ein viel grössrer noch,
Was aber ist ein De-Ma-Gog?
Das ist der allergrösste doch!"

So sprach dereinst der Engelsmund,
Und das vernahm der deutsche Bund,
Der machte diesen Engelsfund
Uns armen, armen Teufeln kund."

During these sad years many a noble-minded young man - the most enthusiastic among the agitators were the students - was forced to leave his fatherland and emigrate to America, "the land of liberty", because, as Follen said, they had committed the terrible crime of loving their fatherland in such a measure that the Holy Alliance could never forgive them. The bitter disappointment of these lovers of liberty drove thousands out of Germany to our country where they could enjoy the freedom they so loved. Many years later

(1880) when the German-Americans met for a reunion in Cincinnati one of their poets might well address them:

"Heran, Kameraden, die lange schon
 Die Stätte der Sehnsucht erreicht,
 Die nimmer vor Fürsten, und Szepter und Thron
 Gleich Sklaven die Knie ihr gebeuget;
 Die ihr mit der Freiheit hochedlem Gefühl,
 Wenn Leid auch im Herzen, auf eilendem Kiel,
 Ob tobten und stürmten die Wogen,
 Zum Lande der Freien gezogen!"

We can best get at the spirit of these revolutionists by examining the life of one of the leaders, Karl Theodor Christian Follen, a little more closely. I have spoken of him as a "revolutionist", but we should go very far astray if we should expect to find a bloody Marat; no, on the other hand, Karl Follen was a lovable, gentle nature, with an almost Christ-like love for his fellowmen.*

* A word of Follen's to illustrate this: when Follen was in Jena, the acknowledged leader of the liberals, a certain Wit von Dörring, a Judas among this circle of students closely watched by the government, fawned on Follen continually. Follen treated him with his customary kindness and even tried to uplift Wit morally. When his friends warned him of this treacherous parasite, Follen calmly said: "I know all that you want to say; but what shall become of this

poor fellow, if everyone turns from him scornfully?" - It was Wit who later on reported Follen as a "son of Belial" (eingefleischter Teufel) and advised the government to persecute him "aufs Grimmigste". - Robert Prutz gives a fine characterization:

"Und Herwegh sprach und hob das Glas: Follen!
Wir stiessen an und meinten ihn zu sehn,
Wie er der Jugend einst vorangegangen,
Glorreich und kühn mit kampfgebräunten Wangen,
Aufrechten Haupts, mit Blicken stolz und frei,
Recht eines Kaisers Konterfei!

Als tönte noch, als rissenoch sein Wort
Die jungen Herzen allgewaltig fort,
Als klängen noch die unvergessnen Töne,
Das "Katzbachlied" und "Vaterlandes Söhne"!
Als schmückte noch in jugendlichem Glanz
Ihn frisch der Jugend grüner Kranz!"

Rattermann in speaking of this apparent contrast in the individuals, mentions that this same reaction brought forth in the nation as a whole the most contradicting forces: Hegel and Schleiermacher, Schopenhauer and Friedrich Schlegel, Klemens Brentano and Heinrich Heine. There seems to be a psychological principle underlying these seemingly irreconcilable differences.

Follen was born on the fourth of September 1796 in a small town near Giessen, where his father was a lawyer.

He was a very precocious child, not engaging in the play and games of the other children, but often meditating on the subject of religion. Many a time, too, he plagued his father with questions on God and the universe that his elder found himself unable to answer. Young Follen, however, developed steadily along these lines putting aside the orthodox dogmas, but preserving the true kernel of religion in his sweet soul.

After receiving a thorough training in the Gymnasium he entered the University at Giessen when he was barely seventeen years of age. But at this time the enthusiasm of the Wars of Liberation swept over Germany irresistably and Follen with his two brothers, the youngest who was but fifteen, against the wish of his father, joined the army that marched into Paris. He returned from the war a man of very serious disposition to take up again the study of law at Giessen. He became the central figure in a movement called "Studenten-Bruderschaft", which aimed at a brotherly life among the students with refined manners inspired by the pure spirit of freedom and love of fatherland, over and against the "Studenten-Korps" with its rough duelling and drinking bouts. These latter occupations, in the mind of Follen, were no longer suited for students in this progressive age. As he had a very magnetic personality, and was a splendid athlete, fencer, and swimmer, he could easily draw about himself those of the students who had higher ideals in life. They were dubbed "Der Bund

der Schwarzen", because they usually went about in black coats, while they called the corps students "die Wilden". Their ideal was "freedom". The whole movement was filled with a republican-communistic-religious spirit, suitable for a community living in a monastery, but never for a band of students about to enter into real life. Of course, there was no lack of ridicule and persecution from the rest of the student body.

A spirit something like that of the first Christian congregations pervaded this organization. They held their meetings in the secret forests, at mid-night, celebrating the Lord's Supper under the dome of the tall oaks and pines, with God's thunder for their organ, a tall rock their altar, and by the ghastly light of the torches these men all clothed in black and armed with glistening daggers were heard to sing:

"Nacht und kein Stern!

Zündet des Opfertods Kerzen

Braust in die Segel der Herzen

Stürme des Herrn!

Aus Nacht und Sturm

Spross eine Freiheitsrose;

Weh, in dem eigenen Schosse

Trug sie den Wurm!

Freiheit ist tot,

Ueberall bleiches Verderben,

Feigheit und ewiges Sterben,

knechtschaft und Not.

Racheengel auf!

Auf, die Posaunen erklingen,
 Gräber und Särge zerspringen;
 Freiheit steht auf!

Drum stehn wir hier:

Dir soll dies Lied gehören

Freiheitstod! Vater, wir schwören
 Knieend bei Dir.

This is a part of the "Grosse Lied" to which all the members contributed, but Follen seems to have been the chief author. As their ideal was a sort of socialistic freedom:

"Bruder in Gold und Seid',
 Bruder im Bauernkleid,
 Reicht euch die Hand!"

they could, of course, not tolerate a despotic government such as Germany had at the time. Therefore they had to become revolutionists:

"Allen ruft Deutschlands Not,
 Allen des Herrn Gebot:
 Schlagt eure Plager tot,
 Rettet das Land!"

To carry out their plans of freeing the country of its tor-

mentors they became "Todbrüder", that is, in their wild enthusiasm they all vowed at the altar to become, if necessary, martyrs to the cause by assassinating their oppressors. Is it surprising that Karl Sand actually did murder Kotzebue when he was under this sort of influence? These men were serious, very serious about their ideals, and what is contained in their songs is not idle talk.* Yet these would-be

* To illustrate the willingness of German patriots to die for their principles, I want to quote a few sentences from Beckers, "Die Reaktion in Deutschland". Though this incident occurred in the period after 1848, yet the spirit is the same. Many revolutionists were executed in Rastatt, and all of them died with the cry of "Long live the republic!" on their lips. Becker goes on on page 412: "When the venerable father Böhning of Nassau, an old man of seventy-two, was to be shot, he asked that he be permitted to give the command himself, and he did not permit them to blindfold him. After he had prayed aloud: "Father, I beseech thee, revenge us on our murderers!", he commanded: "Take good aim, fire!" At this point the Prussian soldiers dropped their guns and refused to shoot the venerable father. Then fresh troops were ordered up, who carried out the execution.

murderers of the tyrants were pious Christians, though of a somewhat mystical trend:

"Der Friede Gottes ruht

In still'r Unschuld Feier,
 Mehr wie ein Jungfraunschleier
 Mir neu auf Herz und Mut.

Den ich im Tod nur hoffte zu umarmen,
 Lässt lebend mich an seiner Brust erwärmen,
 Seit ich in seinem Blute
 Zerbrach den Tod und des Gewissens Rute."

And the biblical stories of the inspired prophets of Jehovah served them as examples, for this "Abendmahls-
 lied freier Freunde" goes on:

Der du am Brandaltar
 Elias Ruf erhörtest,
 Baals Thron und Frohn zerstörtest
 Zu dir fleht unsre Schaar
 Am Vaterlandsaltar mit Herz und Munde:
 Dein Opfer harrt, fack an zum Flammenbunde
 Die deutschen Hochgebirge,
 Dann, Volk, die Molochspriester würge! würge!

In his poetry Follen took Körner for his model, but his aim was not so much freeing Germany of the French oppression, rather, he preached revolution. It is true, the times had changed, the enemy to liberty was no longer to be sought outside of Germany, it was in the country, on the throne, in the ministry, in the bureaucracy. Therefore we do not hear in his songs, like in Körner's, the notes of national patriotism, but he fights against German

sectionalism, against the many tyrants on the thrones of the thirty-three petty domains. He hoped for a revolution like that of France of 1789. But he was about fifty years ahead of his time, for it took about as long as that until his country arrived at the stage of a constitutional monarchy. The people had been crushed beneath the iron hand of the nobility for too many centuries, they were too servile to the arrogant oppressors, they could be no more than obedient subjects. The entire movement of this period was only very shallow, it did not penetrate deeper than the thinking patriots. That the great mass was almost wholly untouched by any desire for a change through violent means is clearly seen in the case of Karl Sand who received no sympathy from the general public for his spectacular offering up of his life. Very few cared for German unity, so that little was accomplished by his splendid songs, such as "Theodor Körner's Totenfeier" where the last stanza reads:

"Jesu, reine Gottesminne,
 Eine unsers Volkes Sinne
 In der Liebe Heil'genglanz!
 Lass auch uns, nach heissem Mühen,
 Einst wie unserm Bruder blühen
 Dornenkron' und Sternenkranz!"

It will be noticed that there is not yet anything of the anti-Christian spirit in these revolutionary songs.

What a strength wells from the songs from the

"Freie Stimmen frischer Jugend":

Schalle du Freiheitssang!
 Walle wie Wogendrang
 Aus Felsen Brust
 Feig lebt der Krechte Schwarm;
 Uns schlägt das Herz so warm,
 Uns zückt der Jünglingsarm,
 Voll Tatenlust.

And the deeds they want to carry out:

Ja, "bei Gott und Vaterland!" verderben
 Woll'n wir der Gewaltherrn letzte Spur;
 Gern für Recht und Freiheit sterben,
 Bleibt dem Volk die Freiheit nur!
 Gott hör unsern Bundesschwur!
 Hör an! Hör an! Hör an!

But how little were the great masses of the nation affected by this! They were the Philistines of the "Biedermeyerzeit", who were entirely happy if their immediate bodily needs were satisfied and their peace was not disturbed as one of our German-American poets of the time (1820) puts it in his:

Seelenruhe, den Philistern gewidmet:

"Hör ich so viel da reden von Seelenruhe; das Höchste
Soll dem Menschen sie sein, das erringen er nur kann.
Habe die Sache so recht und deutlich noch nicht ver-
standen,

Ohne besondere Mühe ruht mir die Seele schon längst. -
'Freund, dir ruhet die Seele tief, tief in Schlummer
begraben:

Lecke zum Leben den Geist,- ruhe erringst du im Kampf'."

Early in the year 1818 after passing with high honors in his examination and public debate, Follen received the degree of Doctor of Laws. Before him he had a great career, if he only would have been a truckling servant to the despotic government. However, his ideas about freedom had become part of himself, and to this self he remained true. He became professor at the University of Jena where he continued his propaganda for liberty. His successor was not great, but one convert whom he made was to become his undoing, namely, Karl Sand who translated the words of the revolutionists in deeds by murdering Kotzebue. Undoubtedly

the deed was done without Follen knowing about it, however, he was now no longer safe in Germany. Accordingly he fled, first to Paris, then to Switzerland, where he lived for a few years as professor at the University of Basel. But even in this retreat the public would not allow him to remain in peace, so that he was forced to flee to America in 1824.

In our country Follen remained true to himself, to his principle of sacrificing his own interests for those of a good cause. He again became a martyr in the name of liberty, namely, in the anti-slavery movement. But we shall speak of this at greater length in another chapter. Many other victims of the "Demagogenhetze" found a refuge in America and became the most useful members of society here where they found the freedom and toleration that they had fought to give to Europe. With Follen came Karl Beck who became professor of the classics at Harvard. "As Follen in literature, so Beck in the classics was a pioneer in leading the Americans to appreciate the attainments of the Germans. Here, too, German influence had begun early to displace the old foggy English and French traditions, and since this time the American students have read no Roman or Greek author whose text and notes did not rest on the work of German scholars."* Another was Franz Lieber who translated

*Goebel, *Deutschtum in Amerika*, p. 49.

Brockhaus' encyclopedia and later was called to the chair of

economics at Columbia where he exerted a very good influence as scholar and man. Of course, from the point of view of the German these men were a dead loss to the fatherland and therefore it is not surprising to find men like Heinrich von Treitschke speaking very disparagingly of these German-Americans.*

*Treitschke, Deutsche Geschichte II, 437ff., III 446ff.

For some years after the "Demagogenverfolgung" there was a lull in the persecution of the liberals and a consequent falling-off in the emigration. But after 1830 we have a great increase again in the emigration due to the renewed efforts of the police to hunt down the revolutionists. 1830 had brought the revolution in France, the effects of which were felt all over Europe. In Germany, too, there were several risings, though nothing of lasting effect was accomplished. The attitude of the police became so petty, so nasty, and even childish in many cases that many patriotic men were pestered so long till, in despair, they left Germany and sought a new home in the land of freedom. A good example for this is Friedrich Münch, at this time pastor in Niedergemünden, a small town in Oberhessen, where his father had been pastor before him. He had been associated with Karl Follen during his student days, and he had refused to appear as a witness against his friend. The government could never forgive him this great crime, and though he never wrote or

spoke anything against the government, and attended to the duties of his office with great conscientiousness, yet he was made to feel on all occasions that the government was anything but favorably inclined toward him. Among other things he was forbidden to increase his meager salary by tutoring, a thing which he had done for years and which his father before him had also done. He was to be bent or broken; either he must become a willing tool of the reaction, or he must be forced out of his position. He finally chose the latter alternative and emigrated to America. At the time he wrote the lines:

Auf! in mutigem Vertrauen,
 Fest und brüderlich vereint!
 Vorwärts, Vorwärts lasst uns schauen
 Am Missouri Hütten bauen,
 Wo der Freiheit Sonne scheint!

One event that brought many emigrants to America was the "Hambacher Fest" in May, 1832. At Hambach, near the Rhine, there was a picnic held at which there was nothing more than a goodly number of long and short speeches (possibly, too, there were refreshments). But the police had heard of some suspicious phrases that sounded like revolution, and now it must needs regard all participants as very dangerous criminals. They must be brought to trial, they must be locked up for years before their cases could be decided with all points pro and con carefully considered,

and many must be sent to strong fortresses for a trifle of ten years or so. Among those who fled from their fatherland at this time was Eduard Warrens who gives us his feelings at the time when he had just crossed the Rhine in safety:

"Dem Himmel Dank! Das Spiel ist nun gewonnen!

Dort drüben winkt ein gastliches Asyl

Der Häscher scharfem Späherblick entronnen,

Steh ich nun hier am heissersehten Ziel.

.....

Entfliehen? - Na, was hab ich denn begangen?

War's ein Verbrechen, eine Missetat?

Wozu mich trieb mein innigstes Verlangen,

Die reinste Liebe, wäre das Verrat?

O hartes Los, du bitterstes von allen,

Fürs Vaterland in tiefer Schmach zu sein!

Könnst ich im freien Kampfe für dich fallen

Dir würd' ich gern der Jugend Fülle weih'n.

Doch anzusehn wie Tyrannei im Bunde

Zum feilen Dienst verdammt den freien Mann,

Das ist fürwahr die schwerste Wunde,

Die ewig schweigt und nimmer heilen kann.

O deutsches Volk! - Ein Schall in leere Räume! -

Dein Name lebt nur noch im Reich der Träume! -

A leader among the German students in the early thirties was Gustav Körner. Handsome, strong, intelligent,

he was always at the head of the student activities. In a riot that was brought on by the over-anxious police interfering with a carnival crowd he, an innocent bystander, was seized and placed in jail. For five months he suffered imprisonment until the time for his trial arrived, when he was set free. In 1832 he was among those who planned the storming of the arsenal in Frankfurt. Always in front, Körner at this "Frankfurter Putsch" received a bayonet wound in the arm. However, as the plot had failed, he was forced to flee. Disguised as an old lady, Körner left his home town for France from which country he set sail for America. With a number of other participants in the Frankfurt affair he settled in Belleville, Illinois. As a lawyer he soon became very prominent, was a good friend of Abraham Lincoln, served as judge, lieutenant-governor of Illinois, and ambassador to Spain. He has published a good book on "The German Element in America" and also his memoirs, both of which books are invaluable sources to the historian of the German-Americans. Körner is one of the greatest men that Germany has given to America.

"Das ist der Fluch des unglückselgen Landes,
Wo Freiheit und Gesetz darniederliegt,
Dass sich die Besten und die Edelsten,
Verzehren müssen in fruchtlosem Harm,
Dass die fürs Vaterland am reinsten glühn
Gebrandmarkt werden als des Lands Verräther,
Und die noch jüngst des Landes Retter hiessen,

Sich flüchten müssen an des Fremden Herd."*

 *Uhland, Prolog zu dem Trauerspiel: Ernst Herzog von Schwaben.

Another case that illustrates very well why many Germans left their country during the early thirties is that of Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Sturm. Sturm was born 1796 in Skenditz, Saxony. As a mere youth he took part in the Wars of Liberation with such dash and bravery that he was promoted to the rank of major after the Battle of Waterloo. After the war he completed his studies and then accepted a responsible position in the armor factory at Solingen. On one occasion when Frederick William III visited Solingen, Sturm was elected by the workingmen to deliver an address of welcome. During the course of his speech he said the following words: "What can fill the thinking observer of human history with greater pride than to see a whole nation rising to fight for an ideal cause, which it has fully recognized, and offer up for winning this victory all possessions, yes, even life itself." As these words were spoken, the king turned to an adjutant and said: "Demagog". This sealed Sturm's fate, he was no longer safe in Germany, and so he came to America with his family:

"Die sich an des Vaterlandes Plagen
 Satt gesehn und übersatt getragen
 Und dem Sklavenjoch zu entfliehn
 Weiter ziehen."

It will be readily understood that governments such as they existed in Germany could certainly not be tolerant in regard to religion, just as little as in anything else. Those who were not willing to conform to the church of the state were persecuted in different ways until they also realized that their only salvation was to emigrate to a free country. Many congregations with their pastors came to America during these years, most noteworthy among them probably the band of some three hundred souls that left Saxony with Pastor Stephan and settled in Perry County, Missouri. For in their midst was Dr. Walther, often called the "Luther of America", the man who banded the Lutherans in this country together in a large body known as the "Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and Other States". This organization, together with quite a number of others, has done most for keeping the German language alive in this country through their systems of parochial schools, teachers' seminaries, classical academies, and theological seminaries. Indeed, if it were not for the different churches there would be but very little German spoken in America, as the German schools not under church control in the United States can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The congregations that came to America for the sake of religious freedom felt themselves directed by the hand of God going out from their country, from their kindred, and from their father's house unto a land that he would shew them. Wilhelm Wagner, one of the best of our German-

American poets, pictures very well the feelings of such a band of emigrants in his poem, "Nach Amerika".

"Viele Wagen hochbeladen, hier mit Körben, dort mit Kasten,
Die der neuen Uebersiedler ganze Habe in sich fassten,
Standen reisefertig und es drängten Männer mit und Frauen,
Um nach ihrem Eigentume, ob's geordnet sei zu schau'n.

Drauf erschien mit würd'ger Haltung und mit ruhig ernstem

Schritte

Ein berufner Diener Gottes; und er trat in ihre Mitte.

Alle schwiegen, denn sie ehrten diesen edlen, frommen Mann,
Der sie liebevoll begrüßte und zu reden nun begann:

"Meine Freunde, wir sind alle Pilger durch's bewegte Leben,
Und wir müssen uns dem Willen einer höhern Macht ergeben:
Ruh auf heimatlichem Boden, Wanderung nach fernem Land,
Not und Fülle, Schmerz und Freude, alles kommt aus Gottes
Hand.

Drum vertrauet jenem Vater, der das Loos der Menschheit regelt:

Und von dem ein Engel mit uns durch die Lebenswüste segelt;
Ihm vertrauet, der die Bäume blühen lässt in diesem Tal,
Wie in jenen fernen Auen, wo die Freistatt uns'rer Wahl.

Heut zum letzten Male sehn wir diese morgenhellen Räume,
Doch dieselbe Sonne leuchtet auf des Urwald's Riesenbäume;
Dort auch gehen auf und unter ew'ge Sterne; klare Luft
Weht auch dort uns frisch entgegen und die Blüte schwillt

von Duft.

Dort auch wachsen die Gedanken, in dem Geiste, und im Herzen
Regen sich dieselben Triebe, keimen gleiche Lust und

Schmerzen:

Dort auch gibt es erste Liebe, treue Freundschaft, Eltern-
glück,

Unterm neuen Freiheitsbaume kehrt die Ruhe bald zurück.

Gross ist Gottes Wort und herrlich; warum sollten wir verzagen?
Uns're Lieb' und unsern Glauben lasst uns in die Wälder

tragen,

Wo gewalt'ge Ströme rauschen, wo die Berge stolz und kühn,
Gleich Altären junger Freiheit, in der Morgensonne glüh'n.

Und so lebet wohl ihr Fluren! wo wir in vergang'nen Jahren,
Manches Lebensglück genossen, manches Ungemach erfahren!

Nichts ist dauernd: - wir sind Pilger von der Wiege bis zum

Grab;

So erheben wir demfreudig, Freunde, unsern Wanderstab."

Alle fühlten Gottes Nähe, und sie sprachen voll Vertrauen:

"Ja, auf ihn zu allen Zeiten, lasset glaubensfest uns bauen;

Stets auf ihn, der uns're Loose hält in seiner Vaterhand,

Der uns führt aus dieser Heimat in ein neues Vaterland."

Ob auch Mut und Gottvertrauen über alle sich ergossen,

Dennoch bluteten die Herzen, manche Thräne ist geflossen; -

Und sie nahmen Erd und Steine, Blum' und Blüten mit. Die

Höh'n

Winkten letzte Abschiedsgrüsse. - Vaterland, warst nie so schön!

Of course, it is true that at all times a great many emigrated to America for economic reasons, as they looked for material betterment in the new country with untouched treasures in natural resources. But the emigrants of the higher classes, those people who would add something more than mere manual labor to the American commonwealth, left chiefly to escape the spies of the police who molested them wherever they might move. Anastasius Grün, an Austrian political poet, calls these government officials who were afflicted with the meddlers' itch, "Laderer", "der da lauert auf Gedanken, wie im Forst der Wilddieb lauert". Another terrible annoyance was the censor of the press, so much satirized in the political poetry of the time,

"Hierum wo etwas frei noch war.
Bald bringen sie ein Ursech her,
Zu fassen das mit einem Strick."*

*Quoted from Hutten by Hofmann von Fallersleben in the poem "Censorenmissverständnis".

Furthermore there was the tariff that required of the traveler to have his trunk inspected every few miles, when a new country under an entirely different government would be reached; and the passes -

"Kaum sind wir aber fort von Haus.
 So muss auch schon der Pass heraus.
 Wir werden niemals sorgenfrei
 Vor lauter Mauth und Polizei."

The bureaucracy, old-fashioned, with an endless lot of red-tape, hosts of useless officials, a good-for-nothing nobility with unheard-of privileges, - all of this made many citizens tired, they wanted to be free from all that and consequently they emigrated. All this is satirized by Hoffman von Fallersleben in a poem called "Deutscher Nationalreichtum":

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Wir wandern nach Amerika.
 Was nehmen wir mit ins neue Vaterland?
 Wohl allerlei, wohl allerhand:
 Viel Bundestagsprotokolle
 Manch Budget und manche Steuerrolle,
 Eine ganze Ladung von Schablonen
 Zu Regierungsproklamationen -
 Weil es in der neuen Welt
 Sonst dem Deutschen nicht gefällt.

.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Wir wandern nach Amerika.
 Was nehmen wir mit ins neue Vaterland?

Wohl allerlei, wohl allerhand:

Steuer-, Zoll-, Lauf-, Trau-, und Totenscheine,

Päss' und Wanderbücher, gross und kleine,

Viele hundert Censorinstruktionen

Polizeimandate drei Millionen, -

Weil es in der neuen Welt

Sonst dem Deutschen nicht gefällt.

We have seen why such large numbers of people desired to leave Germany, and now the question naturally arises: why did they go to America?

There were many other countries where they might have gone, for example, France, Switzerland, or England. The first two mentioned, however, were not safe places for political offenders, because the police could secure their return to German authorities. England had always prided itself on being the asylum for political refugees, but many reasons combined to make America a far more desirable place for emigrants.* First, America was the utopia for political

* The use of the word "Europäide" in the thirties and forties at once implies the existence of a country where the weary European might rest from the difficulties which beset him at home. No extended discussion is therefore necessary to show that the United States was the land of refuge for the overburdened European" - "America as the Political Utopia of Young Germany", T. S. Baker, Americana Germanica,

Volume I, Number 2, page 67.

freedom; secondly, everybody could find religious freedom there; thirdly, the United States was a republic and many of our emigrants had strong republican ideas; fourthly, there were great economic advantages to be found in a new country; fifthly, many were lured by the freedom of a sentimental sort, à la Rousseau, the real nature, the Indian, the woods, etc.

As Professor Goebel has pointed out in his essay on "Amerika in der deutschen Dichtung", * the Germans knew America through Klopstock, the "Storm and Strees" poets, and others, as the land of political freedom. Of course, their picture was very much idealized and many things they say seem ridiculous to us now; nevertheless, it was a great influence in bringing men who sought political freedom to our shores. The same notes occur in the poems of the German Americans. Dr. Karl Beck speaks of "Amerika einst und jetzt", formerly there were only savages in this country celebrating bloody orgies to appease the wrath of their Gods, now

"Seht dasselbe Land,
Wo einst der Aberglaube blind gewütet,
Ist nun das einzige das frei vom Band,
das frei vom Joch der Freiheit Flamme hütet!"
Von grauer Ferne durch die Wasserwüste
Kommt hergeschwemmt Europas müde Schar,

*Forschungen zur d. Phil. 102-127.

Und küsst entzückt den Boden deiner Füße
 Und baut sich hier den neuen Fausaltar.

.

Wir sind ein Volk, ein Herz, ein Schwert, ein Schild.
 Ein jeder Bürger einem König gleich,
 Der sich're Herd sein unermesslich Reich." -

Dr. Henri, Bishop of Cincinnati, finds the ideal
 of freedom expressed by Schiller in Wilhelm Tell realized on
 American soil:

"Heil, glücklich Volk! dem jetzt in engverschlung'nem
 Bande

Der ernste Wille strebt hin zur Vollkommenheit,
 Der mit dem besten, aufgeklärtesten Verstande
 Sich ewig tätig nur dem Wohl des Ganzen weihet.

Land, wo der Fleiss, wo jegliches Bemühen geehret,
 Das Streben, das zum Ziel und zur Vollendung dringt;
 Wo Achtung nur Verdienst und Rang gewähret,
 Wo Tugend, Wahrheit gilt, Recht nicht im Staube ringt."

For those who were being persecuted at home America
 was a land of longing, longing for their real true home,
 compared to the homesickness of Mignon by Jacob Smith in a
 poem published in Lancaster, Ohio, 1829:

"Kennt ihr das Land, wo frei die Meinung ist,
 Kein Zensor je der Worte Kühnheit misst,
 Das Urteil frei von Mund zu Munde geht,
 Und unverletzt der Freiheit Tempel steht?

Kennt ihr es wohl?

Dahin, dahin

Möcht ich mit euch,

O, meine Freunde, ziehn!

He goes on in the next stanzas to praise the land where
 there is no religious persecution, no nobility, no despots,
 no bureaucracy, no heavy taxation, no standing army:

"Dahin, dahin

Möcht ich mit euch, o meine Freunde, ziehn!"

Dr. Friedrich Pauer apostrophizes America:

"O schönes Land - die Menschheit zu erretten
 Hast du den Freiheitstempel aufgebaut,
 Auf den die Welt, die aus den Sklavenketten
 Sich zu erlösen strebt, voll Hoffnung schaut."

The égalité and fraternité are very often praised along with
 the liberté:

"Hier gilt kein Rang für Feldherrn und Soldaten,
 Das gleiche Recht übt seinen mächt'gen Bann;

Kein Adel gilt - es adeln nur die Taten -
 Der höchste Titel ist der freie Mann.

Many more examples could be adduced to show this same picture of a utopian land of liberty which the Germans considered America to be. In all the "Songs of Emigrants" of which there are a great number, these same ideas are expressed, and often they thank God for this haven of refuge:

"Hand und Herz zu Gott erhoben
 Grüßen wir das freie Land,
 Danken laut mit Herz und Hand,
 Ihm, dem lieben Vater droben!"

Already in the eighteenth century America figured in the thoughts of the Germans as the land of liberty of a sentimental sort, à la Rousseau, primitive nature, not burdened down with irksome traditions, worn-out customs, etc. Goethe said:

"Amerika, du hast es besser
 Als unser Kontinent, das alte,
 Hast keine verfallene Schlösser
 Und keine Basalte."

Seumes description of his travels and, especially, his poem "Der Hurone": "Ein Kanadier, der noch Europens übertünchte

"Höflichkeit nicht kannte", and ending with the lines: "Seht, ihr klugen wissen Leute, seht, wir Wilden sind doch bessere Menschen" were read very widely and fostered this fond delusion of the Europeans that close to nature they could find a panacea for all ills that flesh is heir to. Lenau actually came to America under the delusion: "Ich brauche Amerika zu meiner Ausbildung. Dort will ich meine Phantasie in die Schule - die Urwälder - schicken." He wanted to find an answer to his queries to an adverse fate:

"In der Vögel Melodien
In des Raubtiers wildem Schreien
Und in Niagararauschen."

Many other emigrants had similar ideas. Eduard Warrens, whom we have already mentioned above, writes:

"Wahrer Freiheit gold'ner Schimmer
Glänzt hier aus des Landmanns Pflug.
Baut euch eine eig'ne Hütte
Tief im Waldes-Wüstenei,
Da nur, frei von eitler Sitte
Lebt ihr glücklich, lebt ihr frei."

The "Landmanns Pflug" looked very attractive from the arm-chair at home in Germany, but how the sad disappointment came over these "lateinische Bauern"* we shall hear in ano-

*This term by which these student-farmers pleased to call

themselves occurs in Ohio, Missouri, Texas, and probably also in other localities. This term sheds a great deal of light on the attitude of these men.

ther chapter. Before they met with the actual conditions they longed for a touch of genuine nature:

"Ich blicke mit Vertrauen
 Im Geist nach jenen Auen
 Wo Glück und Freiheit blühen
 Ich will nach jenen Gründen
 Um Ruh' und Glück zu finden,
Natur, an deinen Busen fliehn!"

The book of Duden, praising America as the land where milk and honey flowed, picturing Missouri as a veritable "Schlaraffenland" brought very many Germans to this country who were not satisfied with their economic condition at home. The books of Sealsfield and Fenimore Cooper influenced another set of people, the restless, adventurous type. They really believed that the average American was a Deerslayer and that there were great opportunities of rescuing dark-eyed Coras from among the treacherous snakes, the Iroquois, waiting to be seized upon by chivalrous young trappers. Even today there are people in Germany who believe that Buffalo Bill's Wild West is a fair sample of our everyday life. One out of the numerous young men who were lured to America by descriptions of imaginary back-woods life was the German

author, Friedrich Gorstcker. Rattermann tells how in 1837 he arrived in Cincinnati and gave rise to quite a sensation among the street urchins, who swarmed down the street behind this rare man clothed in a buck-skin suit with fringes, with a red feather in his hat, and a knife and tomahawk in his belt, until this half-Indian took refuge in the drug store of a Mr. Backhaus, where he turned out to be a regular "green-horn" from Germany. His suit which a tailor in the old country had made for him according to a description of a trapper in one of Sealsfield's books was soon exchanged for another a little better suited for a civilized community.

We have seen how the emigrants left Germany for economic, political, religious, or sentimental reasons, and how they turned to our shores for a refuge. How they found the land of freedom in comparison to their homes, what psychological changes they underwent, and how they adapted themselves to the land of the Yankees - ^{to show this} shall be the business of the next chapter.

Chapter 2

The Immigrants in America

Many of the fugitives from the German despots who came to America found here the freedom which they had sought. They also were thankful for this their good fortune and frequently expressed it in their poetry:

"O danket dem Schöpfer und preiset ihn gern
Für das Gute, das euch geworden:
Euch leuchtet der Freiheit goldener Stern
Und blickt ihr hinüber - dort morden
Despotenwichte den redlichsten Mann,
Weil er Freiheit will und nicht heucheln kann."

In the same way many who came to this country for economic betterment found themselves richly rewarded, for by diligent labor they could soon earn enough in order to buy their own homestead, their own farm where they were their own lords and masters. A "Pennsylvanisches Bauernlied" by a Dr. Fr. Stahl gives, though somewhat idealized, the feelings of a German-American farmer who finds that in America he can lead a life politically and economically independent.

"Empor dann hebt er seinen Blick
Dankt Gott für seinen Stand,
Für sein und seiner Kinder Glück
Im schönen Freiheitsland."

But aside from guardi g their own personal liberty and providing a home for themselves and their families the new citizens of this country most energetically attacked other problems. Many advanced American culture by doing good work along their individual lines, for example, Francis Lieber translated an encyclopedia, the first in America; Dr. Beck did excellent work in the line of classical philology; Dr. ^W~~H~~eming furthered the cause of homeopathic medical treatment; and many others did great work in the natural sciences and other branches. Thus they found their mission in America and were satisfied. Once they had accepted this country as their own, most of them tried to do all in their power to make it great and civilized. One obstacle in the way of civilization and greatness, it seemed to them, was slavery. Men who were filled with Schiller's ideas of "Menschenwürde" could not bear to see slavery flourishing in this country. Therefore we find the Germans to be the most rabid abolitionists. Indeed, the first protest against slavery had come in 1688 from the Germans in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Governor Körner speaks of this in one of his public addresses and adds: "This was a call to the conscience of the people of this country. And this call did not come from the Puritans in New England who were plying the slave-trade very diligently in those days, and were gaining great wealth by it, wealth which to this very day their descendants, the aristocracy of NewEngland, those vain philanthropists, are enjoying without feeling any scruples about it."

The most conspicuous figure in the anti-slavery movement undoubtedly was Karl Follen, of whose flight from Germany we have heard above. He willingly became a martyr to a cause for a second time. For his antislavery sympathies he was mobbed, yes, he even lost his position at Harvard on account of it, because, while so many Southern gentlemen were attending the college, it would not do to have a man on the faculty who was one of the leading members of William Lloyd Garrison's circle. Another friend of the negroes was Friedrich Münch in Missouri. He was the best-hated man in his section of the country. At a mass meeting one day his neighbors decided to burn his house and drive him and his family out of the country. But Münch's courage saved him. The ideas that filled these men could not fail to be expressed in their poetry. Dr. Herring speaks of it as:

"Die vorher sich in Nacht gehüllt,
 Die Sklaverei, der Menschheit Fluch,
 Nun wächst sie riesengross und füllt
 Das Land mit seinem Pestgeruch.
 Sie bebt nicht mehr verschämt zurück,
 Scheu vor dem Zeitgeist dem Gedanken,
 Sie rüttelt an der Republik
 Und ruft die Freiheit in die Schranken."

This was the prevalent opinion among the Germans and already early in the century they had favored the idea



of forming a political party of their own, one of the main objects of which was to be the abolition of slavery. When finally the time was ripe, and the new Republican party was launched, we find most prominent among the leaders - Körner, Schurz, Stallo, and many other Germans.

But the Germans could do more for their principles than writing poetry and calling political meetings. They were ready to give up their lives to free the slaves. In Cincinnati Stallo delivered a patriotic address at the "Turnhalle" in consequence of which the Ninth Ohio regiment was recruited within twenty-four hours. In this instance as well as in many others the German regiments were the first to appear on the battle fields. It was truly pathetic that the aged Dr. Beck, Follen's close friend, went out to drill with the volunteers in Boston, but had to be turned back because he was over sixty.* Surely at this crisis

* Protests were entered against the employment of the federal troops as slave catchers. Two German companies from a regiment in Massachusetts made it a condition of their enlistment that they should not be employed for such disgraceful service. "They complained, and with them the German population generally throughout the country". Congressional Globe, 37th Congress, First Session, page 30. - Quoted by Wm. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 355.

of our republic the Germans proved themselves to be good citizens, very desirable ones, indeed. As a nation they are

born soldiers, and their services in the Civil war were a great factor in deciding the outcome of the struggle.

But not all Germans who came to this country found what they expected to find or became wrapt up to such a degree in the affairs of this country as to find their happiness there, no, many found out the truth of the lines:

"Es ist ein Land von zauberischem Trug
Auf das die Freiheit im Vorüberflug
Bezaubernd ihre Schatten fallen lässt
Und das ihn hält in tausend Bildern fest;
Wohin das Unglück flüchtet ferne her
Und das Verbrechen zittert über's Meer;
Das Land bei dessen lockendem Verheissen
Die Hoffnung oft vom Sterbelager sprang
Und ihr Panier durch alle Lüfte schwang,
Um es am fremden Strande zu geniessen,
Und dort den zwiefach bitteren Tod zu haben;
Die Heimat hätte weicher sie begraben!"

Many were deceived by the current reports about America, especially the truly fabulous letters by Gottfried Duden, which made Missouri a land of extreme fertility and plenty of game to be killed in great numbers from one's own door-step, etc., etc. The enthusiast for mother nature usually found her to be somewhat of a step-mother here in America, and in consequence many a poor man died a miserable

death. Deaths from starvation, from exposure, from fever could be counted by the thousands among the ill-equipped immigrants. Yes, "Die Heimat hätte weicher sie begraben!"

The story of Lenau's coming to America is truly tragic. What a store of beautiful poetry his pen could have furnished us with, if he only had not been - Lenau. But the poet as well as his friends saw before him the end in the insane asylum, and so he felt that he must undertake the journey to forget his "Weltschmerz". We can readily understand that he would be prejudiced against this country long before he saw its shores. How could the man in patent leathers and kind gloves, equipped with half a dozen trunks among his "nécessaires" a violin and many books, be expected to meet the conditions as they existed in the backwoods of Ohio in the winter of 1832-33? Hardly had he been in this country for eight days, when he assumed to speak authoritatively about the Americans as "himmelanstinkende Krämerseelen", who had no nightingale, were dead for all intellectual life, and needed a voice like Niagara's to preach to them that there existed a higher deity than the dollar. Lenau had no business to come to this country, what this country needed were men who could do and dare, not melancholy dreamers. How the homesickness must have seized his delicate heart!

"Wie fern, wie fern, vom Vaterland,
Bist du mir nun zurück!
Dein liebes Angesicht verschwand

Mir wie mein Jugendglück.

Ich steh allein und denk an dich,
Und schau ins Meer hinaus,
Und meine Träume mengen sich
In's mächtliche Gebraus.

Und lausch ich recht herab zur Flut
Ergreift mich Freude schier,
Da wird so heimisch mir zu Mut
Als hört ich was von dir.

Mir ist, ich hört im Winde wehn
Dein heilig Eichenlaub,
Wo die Gedanken still vergehn
Im süßem Stundenraub."

What a pathetic picture to see this man put up for a night in a log hut, as he tells in his poem "Das Blockhaus". The host greets him coldly, the little boy inquires about his outfit concerning the cost of this or that, the company sit about the fire talking dollars and bargains, seemingly drawing invention out of their cigar stumps, until finally they retire to leave our poet alone at the hearth where he drinks some Rhinewine, which he had brought with him, and reads Uhland's "Harald"! The poor man is altogether out of sympathy with his surroundings which were so different from the ideal picture he had

formed at home. Even on board ship he had written:

"Fleug, Schiff, wie Wolken durch die Luft
 Hin wo die Götterflamme brennt!
 Meer, spüle mir hinweg die Kluft,
 Die von der Freiheit noch mich trennt.

Du neue Welt, du freie Welt,
 An deren blütenreichem Strand
 Die Flut der Tyrannei zerschellt,
 Ich grüsse dich, mein Vaterland!"

But even if the homesickness did not overcome them,
 like it did Lenau who returned to Germany after six months,
 few of the Germans ^{could} forget the land:

"Wo ich lernte, träumte, liebte,
 Wo ich irate, litt und sang;
 Wo ich froh mein Blut vergossen,
 Wo ich meine Ketten trug;
 Wo mir frühe Blumen blühten,
 Rauhe Hände sie zerknickten;
 Wo noch Freunde meiner harren,
 Wo ich Feinde längst vergass -

.

Wo ich Töne wieder höre

Jener Meister die entzückend
 Meine junge Seele hoben;
 Und die Bilder die ich liebte,
 Und die Namen, die ich kenne,
 Und die Säulen und die Kirchen,
 Und des Geistes reiche Schätze
 In den wohlgefüllten Sälen.
 Und bekannte Berg und Flüsse,
 Und die Felder und die Hallen,
 Wo Geschichte einst geschah. -

We find this sad note recurring in their poetry over and over again. The number of poems treating of the lost home and fatherland is very much greater than that dealing of any other subject. This is quite natural, as sad themes lend themselves far more readily to poetic presentation than joyous ones, still it is characteristic for the German love of home that there should be so very many. Miss Elise Cabot, afterwards Karl Follen's wife, tells of how he was asked on one occasion before a Bostonian reading circle to give a German poem. "None of those present will ever forget the expression with which he read Goethe's "Lignon" and especially how he repeated the words, "Dahin, dahin möchte ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehen!" It was the voice of homesickness that spoke out of his heart, at least at this moment."

Several of our writers paraphrase this same poem of Goethe's to express their own longing for their home.

So Wilhelm Wagner:

"Kennst du das Land, wo wir im reinsten Schooss
 Der reinsten Liebe ruhten sorgenlos;
 Wo Mutterlieb' ein Rosennetz gewebt,
 Der Unschuld Engel schirmend uns umschwebt?
 Kennst du das Land,
 Der Kindheit Land?
 Es ist das schöne deutsche Land!"

The same man writes:

"... Wer aus der Heimat ward
 Auf immerdar verbannt,
 Der trauert all' sein Leben lang,
 Ums teure Heimatland."

One of the most interesting figures among the immigrants is Dr. Klemens ~~K~~lammer, the first pastor of St. Mary's in Cincinnati. Born in Bohemia and expected by his parents to become a mining engineer, he went his own way, became a priest with the purpose of doing missionary work in America. Here he traveled thousands of miles among the Indians and the new settlers preaching them the word of God. Although he did good work, he still seems to have met with discouragements, as one can readily understand, and he wished himself back home among his friends in Bohemia. He wrote a poem "An die Sterne - Heimweh eines

Deutschen in Amerika" and prefixed it with the words,

"Und was sie sprechen leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall" -

"Ihr wollt mich täuschen Sterne,
Als ging ich nie gar ferne
Von meiner Heimat fort! -
Ist's nicht derselbe Wagen,
Der mich an Mutters Sagen
So hier gemahnt als dort?

Ist's Venus nicht, die holde,
Die mit dem Kranz von Golde
So blendend niedergrüsst?
Ist's nicht Orion's Flimmer
Der mit vierfält'gem Schimmer,
Sein blaues Feld umschliesst?

.

Ja, ja, ihr lieben Brüder,
Die Himmel kenn ich wieder,
Allein dich, Erde, nicht:
Prangst nicht mit Heimatsdüften,
Kein Singen in den Lüften, -
Hast ein ganz fremd Gesicht.

Such the same is felt by Dr. Ciolina, a partici-

pant in the Hambacher Fest, who was forced to flee to America: "Sehnsucht nach der Heimat".

"Heimat! stilles Glutverlangen
 Wächst mir in der jungen Brust;
 Dich noch einmal zu umfassen,
 Meiner Kindheit frohe Lust!
 Alles seh' im Geist ich wieder,
 Schau den Teppich der Natur,
 Wo des Kindes frohe Lieder
 Schollen auf der Blumenflur.

And the last stanza is very touching:

"Wer gibt mir das alles wieder?
 Liegt's nicht in Vergangenheit?
 Sind der Vögel munt're Lieder
 Nicht verhallt im Flug der Zeit?
 Einsam hier in weiter Ferne
 Schlägt mir sehnend nur das Herz;
 Wär auf jener Flur so gerne! -
 Fliesse Wehmut, fliesse Schmerz!

During moments of reflection the thoughts of even the bravest pioneers could not help but fly back to the old home. The scientist Wislicenus is sitting on an Indian mound in Missouri and has a vision:

"Und die Wesen sah ich wieder, die im fernen Vaterland
 Meine Kindheit einst umflockten mit der Liebe zarten Band,
 Und die Zeiten sah ich wieder, wo in Idealesglut,
 Für die Freiheit ich geopfert meines Herzens wärmstes Blut,
 Aber still ward's nach dem Sturme, totenruhig ward die Erde,
 Nur verborgen glimmt der Funke auf des Vaterlandes Herde,
 Und in fernen Ländern sucht ich Balsam für die wunde Brust,
 Doch die Ferne konnt' nicht heilen die erdrückte Lebenslust."

The poor man! America disappointed, also him, but if at
 this time he speaks of "erdrückte Lebenslust", what was it
 to be when he lost his eyesight!

Blindheit

"Nacht, düst're Nacht umhüllt mich,
 Kein Stern am Himmelszelt,
 Und düst're Nacht ergiesst sich
 Durch meine inn're Welt.

Die Sonn' ist untergangen,
 Der Mond steigt nicht herauf,
 Mit schwarzem Flor umhangen,
 Ist der Gestirne Lauf.

So war es einst vor Zeiten
 Eh' diese Welt erschien,
 Eh' Zeit und Raumes Weiten
 Dem Chaos Form verliehen.

Und so ist jetzt mein Leben
 Ein Chaos düst'rer Nacht;
 Die Nacht, die kann nur heben
 Der Raum und Zeit gemacht.

Not here and longer in Germany did the the poor man feel
 at home; as a natural scientist he longed to be united with
 his mother — nature. The poem "Grabesruh" has the true
 ring of deep pathos:

"Wenn das Herz einst aufgehört zu schlagen,
 Und sein heisses Blut sich ausgeschäumt,
 Wenn mein Körper liegt auf schwarzem Schragen,
 Und mein müdes Hirn hat ausgeträumt;

Wenn dann auf der weiten Erdenrunde
 Keine Träne um den Fremdling fließt,
 Wenn kein Mensch bei meines Todes Kunde
 In der Trauer Klagen sich ergießt:

Senkt mich in der Erde warmen Boden,
 Gebt den Elementen mich zurück,
 Sanfter ruhn in ihrem Schooß die Toten,
 Die im Leben hasste das Geschick.

Tränen wird des Himmels Tau mir spenden,
 Blumen gibt die lutt'ere Erde mir,
 Und um Mitternacht die Winde senden

Sanfte Geisterklänge hin zu mir."

There is no trace of Christianity in this last poem, very little, indeed, in any of the German-American poetry except that written by ministers. The fact is that the immigrants who were representative of Young Germany, were opposed to Christianity and therefore hated by most Americans. They, in their turn, of course, hated the Puritans as hypocrites just as much, and seriously contemplated the formation of a party the two chief planks of which were to be the abolition of slavery and of puritanism.

But there is one custom that the Americans have taken over generally from these "heathens" as they sometimes called them, and that is the Christmas tree. This is the custom that the German carries with him wherever he goes, one that he cannot miss.

"Schmückt drum frisch den Weihnachtsbaum!

Dass an heimatlichen Herde

Weinigstens der Kindertraum

Lauter Licht und Leben werde.

Schmücket frisch den Weihnachtsbaum!

And when the tree was decorated, the thoughts were sure to travel back to the days of childhood, when one found the greatest joy and pleasure in the Christmas celebration. Weitershausen, whom we have mentioned above, describes the Christmas tree in the log-cabin. In the first two stanzas

he speaks of leaving Germany and crossing the ocean:

"Wir landen - rasch ist erbaut der Herd,
 Bald keimet und sprosset die Saat;
 Da bringet der Winter ein Fest uns so wert,
 Die Feier der Weihnacht, sie naht.
 Die Fichte entnommen dem dunkeln Wald
 Sie prangt in der Blockhütte Raum
 Beziert und geschmückt sehen wir bald
 Den lieblichen Weihnachtsbaum.

Es strahlen die Lichtlein, der Liebe Hand
 Hat alle reichlich bedacht;
 Wir denken zurück ans Heimatsland
 In stiller, heiliger Nacht.
 Wir beten für die, die wir lieben so sehr,
 Die Liebe ja dauert und währt,
 Und trennt uns auch ferner das flutende Meer
 Zum Herzen auch ferner sie kehrt.

Entfernt von dem fürstlichen, drückenden Zwang
 Sei deutscher Sinn uns vertraut
 Wie deutschen Liedes wohltonender Klang,
 Der Sprache so lieblicher Laut.
 So sehn wir in niedriger Hütte beglückt -
 O seliger Jugendtraum! -
 Im Kreise der Lieben, im Herzen entzückt,
 Den stattlichen Weihnachtsbaum."

It seems to have been the general experience of the children that they could say to their parents:

"Ihr habt uns so oft von Deutschland erzählt,
Wie sehr man das Christfest in Ehren doch hält,
Und treu bleibt der löblichen Sitte."

for this is the one thing to which the Germans have remained true, even if they have forgotten their language and most everything else that is German.

While speaking of how the Germans adapted themselves to this country, it might be interesting to compare with it a plan that was formed in Germany a few years before the immigrants came over. The plan was put forward by Earl Follen of whom we have spoken at length above. It was after the "Bund der Schwarzen" of Giessen and other progressive organizations had realized that it was impossible for them to accomplish anything in Germany, that they decided to try their luck in the New World in forming a German ideal commonwealth. The paper that acquainted us with the plan is among those taken by the police from Follen's friend, Dr. Ludwig Snell, director of the Gymnasium in Wetzlar.*

* My source is an article in the "Freidenker", Milwaukee, August 11, 1907, by Professor Dr. Hermann Haupt, from unpublished sources. - I am indebted for the use of this article to Professor Dr. Goebel who unselfishly turned it over to my use.

In the introduction it speaks in bitter resignation of the impossibility of improving political conditions in Germany in the near future. "Instead of unity and liberty, we have attained sectionalism and despotism. Agriculture and manufacture are deeply depressed by the heavy taxation; intellectual freedom is almost annihilated; independence of the courts, safety of the individual, in short, all human rights are mocked at. The whole system is aiming at repressing any possible liberal ideas or movements, to leave Germany in the deepest darkness." But, the paper goes on to say, this will not deter the German nation from their purpose of "preserving this ideal of humanity in their own people" on the free soil of the United States of America.

Follen hoped to realize a great deal from "a German institution comprising all branches of learning". It was to be, in the first place, an asylum for political fugitives; and furthermore it was to strengthen the love of the German-Americans for the art, language, and culture of their fatherland, and thus preserve German culture in America. It was to be the aim of this commonwealth to carry out the ideas of freedom and liberty in their purest form, and so it was necessary that "from Germany, as the center of all true modern culture the true spiritual force must go out, which is to form the basis in its striving for a position among the powers of the world." For this reason it was Follen's wish that other emigrant parties should join the "Lehrergemeinde" and become active in the interest of his "Bildungsanstalt". "In this manner it will be possible to

unite the Germans in America into a state which will have its representatives in congress, and which can become a model to the mother country in regard to its liberalization." The endowment of their university was, from the beginning, to be placed on a solid basis, which Follen hoped to attain by his circular. Prospective members of the "Lehrergemeinde" were to be, besides Karl Follen and his companions from the "Bund der Schwarzen", such university professors who had lost their positions on account of their liberal views, as Ohen, Fries, de Wette, and the brothers, Wilhelm and Ludwig Snell.

In the Giessen circle serious preparations were made in 1820 for the journey into the New World. A stanza from a poem by one of the students serves well to illustrate their spirit:

"Ein neues Vaterland geh ich zu finden,
 Wo Vater Franklin's frische Seele baute,
 Die münd'ge Welt der eig'nen Kraft vertraute,
 Der Freiheit junges Licht will sich entzünden!
 Da drüben wächst sie auf zur jungen Eiche,
 Wir bringen Zunder zu den regen Flammen.
 Zum neuen Freuzzug, zum gelobten Reiche,
 Rom ist, wo freie Römer stehn zusammen.

However, while attempts were being made to put the plan into execution, Follen was forced to flee, and Snell was arrested. This ended it for the time being. There

seemed to be another opportunity in 1834 when a company of emigrants five hundred strong set out under Paul Follen and Friedrich Münch, with similar high ideals; but improper preparation, unforeseen accidents, and distrust toward the leaders wrecked the great plans.

Friedrich Münch tells us this story of their most difficult undertaking. It begins with the petty annoyance of the German police, the delay in embarking, the sickness on board ship; then, in America, comes the weary journey through Pennsylvania on prairie schooners; on the boat down the Ohio, until the captain declares that he is unable to go any further, because his boat is too rotten. Another captain undertakes to carry them to St. Louis, but the shrewd Yankee cheats the immigrants shamefully in the deal. They learn that the other half of the company under Paul Follen had been broken up entirely and that Follen himself is sick. Difficulties over the division of the money arise, the leaders are accused of dishonesty, until finally Münch and Follen settle it by giving up all their money. But the plan was wrecked, "der schöne Wahn war entzwei gerissen" as Münch said. There was to be no German colony, for the immigrants scattered widely.

But Münch, as well as the others, set out bravely to make a living, and more than a mere living, for themselves. The man who had been trained to become a clergyman was forced to do the manual labor on the farm. He writes, "I learned to swing the ax, to plow, to sow, to mow, learned everything required in putting up a house, learned the cultivation of

fruit trees, hemp, tobacco, hops, and wine, so that nothing that occurs in American farming was strange to me." According to Duden's description these men had imagined that, owing to the wealth of natural resources, they would be required to work but half the day and would be able to spend the other half in beautifying their homes and in teaching their children. But the actual reality turned out to be very different. If they worked from earliest dawn to sunset their work would still not be finished satisfactorily, and at the evening meal they would often be too tired to bring the food to their mouths. Very few maintained an interest in the higher things of life, under the strain of eking out a mere existence. This is the typical story of the "lateinische Bauern" in this country.

In consideration of these facts it is not at all surprising that the second generation brought up under such conditions should have had no other than material interests. The third generation is again approaching the stage of culture that their grand-parents had attained, but their culture is American. It is to be lamented that they have never seen what German culture is, and are, therefore, often inclined to look with disdain on their German blood.

Things might have been different, too, if the Germans had not split up into so many factions, "Vereinsdeutsche" and "Kirchendeutsche", with many divisions and sects among these two classes. If they had but heeded the words of some of the leaders, as for example John A. Wagener of Charleston, who said at the dedication of a German church: "Let the

German Catholic even, let the German Jew, and the German Gentile join the German Lutheran in this German object, and the day shall certainly come, when you will all, with pride and pleasure hail this beautiful temple as the sacred symbol of the possibility of religious liberality and of German unity for a grand and noble purpose." Many of their poets also urged the same things, for example, Heinrich Koch:

"Lasst nicht von Zwietracht euch beschleichen
 Woraus stets der Fluch entspringt!
 Leicht können wir das Recht erreichen,
 Wenn Kraft mit Einheit nach ihm ringt. -
 Seid einig! Denn mit gleichem Rechte
 Hat uns der Väter Wort bedacht:
 Aus Zwietracht nur entspringt das Schlechte,
 Das Gute aus vereinter Macht."

or Wagner:

Wir wollen ihn bewahren
 Den rechten deutschen Sinn;
 Den deutschen Geist, den wahren,
 Wir geben ihn nicht hin!
 Gibt's gleich in diesen Tagen
 Viel Trug und Heuchelei,
 Wir wollen nicht verzagen
 Und halten Glaub' und Treu."

The necessity for organization was felt among the Germans, and, as a result, different societies were founded. In Cincinnati the "Deutsche Gesellschaft" in 1834, whose purpose was to put up a sort of defense against the jingoism of some political parties. In 1836 another society was formed to aid political fugitives in coming to America. The Gutenbergfest, June 1840, also afforded the Germans in America an opportunity to show that there still existed a feeling for their fatherland in their new homes. The day was celebrated in Philadelphia, Richmond, Cincinnati, and Canton, Ohio. This brought forth a lot of poetry, for example, Dr. Wilhelm Schmöle, the president at the Philadelphia celebration, wrote the lines:

"Deutsche ringsum
 Kommt zu dem festlichen Bunde,
 Feiert mit Herzen und Munde,
 Vaterlands Ruhm!

.

Jubelt darum!
 Lasset die Völker frohlocken,
 Gutenberg hat ja gebrochen
 Despotentum!

.

Pressheiligtum!

Nächtliches Dunkel verschwindet

Wo deine Lampe gegründet

Licht wirds ringsum.

Licht wirds ringsum!

Sehet der Künste, der freien

Wissenschaft Felder gedeihen

Jubelt darum!

or by Eduard Mühl in Cincinnati:

" Scheine fort in voller Kraft

Der Gedankenfreiheit Sonne

Und erlös aus seiner Haft

Was entbehrt der Freiheit Wonne.

Schütze Gott das freie Wort!

Sei der Wahrheit Schirm und Hort! "

A great deal more poetry could be quoted to show that at this time still the Germans took a great deal of interest in the affairs of the fatherland. Most of them, indeed, had intended that their stay here in America was to be but temporary, as they intended to gain a basis of operation from which they could work upon Germany. However, their enthusiasm for the struggles in the fatherland soon began to cool. The new-comers became so much interested in the wonderful business activities of the United States that they were gradually swallowed up in them, so that their interest in what was going on in Europe was soon lost. They

became successful farmers, merchants, editors, manufacturers, physicians, yes, even lawyers. This cooling off of their patriotism was also caused partly by the fact that the excitement had partially subsided in Germany. Although the oppression continued, the resistance was kept down so firmly that it was felt to be impossible to accomplish anything. For several years, therefore, before the arrival of the "Adtundvierziger" business interests had so occupied the attention of the German-Americans that they almost lost sight of what was going on in the fatherland.*

* T. S. Baker, Young Germany in America, pp. 70f.

Just exactly how they became Philistines, with their interests centered only in material things, satisfied with the conditions as they existed, is brought out in a few poems written by some of the immigrants. The careless language and the Americanisms also tell about the change that is going on in these men. Ludwig August Wollenweber, who was engaged in newspaper work in Pennsylvania and who had escaped from the German watch-dogs of the press under the most exciting circumstances, has a poem, "Ich bin e Pennsylvanier":

Ich bin e Pennsylvanier

Druff bin ich stolz un froh;.

Das Land is schön, die Leut sin nett,

Bei Tschinks! ich mach schier en'ge Wett

's biets ke Land der Welt.

Wir stamme vun de Deutsche her,
Druff bin ich a recht stolz;
Die Deutsche sin aß brave Leut,
Sin sparsam, fleissig un geschent,
Sie biets ke Volk der Welt.

Do guck nur ens de Garte an
Wie Pennsylvania heisst,
Wachst do net Alles schö un gut
Un hot net Jeder g'sundes Blut,
's biets ke Land der Welt!

Un net allenig uf der Erd'
Wachst Alles schö un gut,
A drunne gebts so viel ihr wollt
Kohle, Eise - meh' werth wie Gold,
's biets ke Land der Welt!

They felt that America could afford them a better living than the old world, and so they preferred their new homes to the old. This is the experience of the man who wrote in his "Abschied von St. Louis"

"Und ich fasste heiter'n Sinnes
Manche dargebot'ne Hand,
Lebt in froher Menschen Mitte .



Besser als im Vaterland.

Finally I want to quote a few stanzas by a rhymester sent in the summer of 1837 to the "Anzeiger des Westens", Saint Louis, Mo. The author is unknown.

Epistel

Aus dem fernen Westen von Arkansas, an die zurückgebliebenen Freunde über dem Wasser, oder treuer und ausführlicher Bericht, wie einer aus einem lustigen Studiosus ein frommer Bauersmann geworden, rebst der Naturgeschichte des Landes und andern Curiosas zusammen gestellt und in fein gereimte Verslein gebracht durch

Hilarium Hinterwald.

An Euch, ihr Freunde, die Ihr noch
Im Heimatslande weilet,
Gedrückt vom harten Sklavenjoch,
Nicht Freiheit mit mir theilet,
Euch, wenn ihr meiner noch gedenkt,
Sei aus der Fern dies Lied geschenkt;
O möcht's mit schnellen Schwingen
Ein Götterbot' Euch bringen.

.

Hab' eine wunderschöne Farm,
Sie kostet fünfzig Thaler,
Doch war an barem Geld ich arm,

Nicht konnte ich sein ein Tahler:
 Da gab ich dafür aent paar Schuh,
 Ein braunes Pöslein noch dazu,
 Ein neues Paar Pistolen,
 Zwölf Thaler musst ich holen.

.

Und an Gebäuden nenn ich mein
 Zwei Häuser, eine Scheuer,
 Den Pferdestall, ein Rauchhaus fein,
 Ein'n Hühnerstall voll Eier.
 Ein wesentliches Institut,
 Bei vielen Farmen fehlen tut,
 Doch dürft Ihr mich nicht schelten,
 Wenn ich es nicht mag melden.

.

Des Abends, wenn ich müde bin
 Darf ich der Ruhe pflegen,
 Ein Bärenfell liegt am Kamin,
 Darauf tu' ich mich legen;
 Dann zünd ich mir ein Pfeiflein an
 Und denke nach was ich getan,
 Und was ich tue morgen;
 So leb' ich ohne Sorgen.

Dann denk ich wohl nach Haus zurück,
 Und an vergang'ne Zeiten,
 Und halt noch jetzt es für ein Glück,

Dass sie mich nicht geronten.
 Das Schicksal hat es so gewollt,
 Dass ich kein Recht verdrehen sollt;
 Ich sollt als armer Bauer
 Mei Brod verdienen sauer.

And so the jolly farmer's tale goes on for dozens of stanzas. It is typical of the law student (which the writer seems to have been), the theologian, the medical student, who have failed in their examinations in Germany and then came to this country to do their part in the winning of the West.

It is not the purpose of this paper to tell just what part the Germans played in comparison to other nationalities in the work of civilizing this country or just how far their influence extended. I have merely tried to show, how their ideals, their feelings, their likes and dislikes, the change that came over them with their new home were reflected in their poetry. As we have seen, in most cases, all that was good in the German character-idealism, love of personal and political freedom, diligence, thrift, etc., - was preserved by the Germans in this country. The change that came over them was brought about by the problems which they had to face here, and which, generally, they faced very successfully. It was an adaptation to the new country and the new duties.

Chapter 3

Criticism of the Poetry

Anyone who has read the poetry on the preceeding pages will probably agree readily, that we have no Schiller or Goethe in America. In most cases the poetry is nothing more than mere rhyming, and very amateurish with many writers. Very frequently we are jarred by the poor mastery of form which the writer shows by his frequent apostrophes and by the large number of useless words put in to make the lines balance. And even among those poets who seem to have good form it is very seldom that we find poetry that could approach the work of a second class artist in Germany. This seems very strange, because as we have seen, after the various revolutions in Germany, many of the very best men came to this country as political fugitives.

By way of explanation we might quote here the words of an excellent American critic of German literature, Professor O. E. Lessing, who says in an article on "German Literature in America"*: "Millions of Germans and no German literature? The fact is as sad, as it is natural. The German in a foreign country is in all respects like a plant whose roots have been cut away. All efforts to keep up the connection with the mother-country fail, because of the overpowering force of the strange environment. The more delicate the inner organization of the individual, the more his national character is destroyed by the unaccustomed conditions. The laborer,

* Oesterreichische Rundschau, January, 1912.

the farmer, the mechanic remains here what he has been at home: a producer of material values who has no influence whatever on the national culture, and with whom it does not matter in the least, whether he speaks poor German or poor English. The vast majority of German-Americans has always consisted of this element which is worthless as far as the production of literature is concerned, and from whom the educated few are completely separated. Cut off from home all the more completely these few either become Americanized speedily or they make a desperate attempt to save of that national character for themselves and their children whatever they can. ... But how insignificant are not these remnants in comparison to the unlimited treasures of the fatherland! Instead of the present, full, many-colored life: paling reminiscences, fractional reports, weak reflexes. Instead of seeing concretely and experiencing personally the endless evolution in literature and art, they can do only a poor reconstructing by means of partial reproductions, critical analyses, and few books. At the most important historical crises, they are forced idly to await the result in the distant land. ... He who had felt a creative impulse, loses it. ... Unconsciously the true soul of the mother-tongue is lost. The daily use of it in the family circle, books, newspapers are no living springs at which it could be renewed continually. The English language overshadows its fragrance, power, plasticity, and rhythm. The German language becomes an artificial half-German translated by parents and children from the English idiom. The safe reliance on the

instinctive "Sprachgefühl" is lost. ... "Es gibt kein "Volk", dem man "aufs Maul" sehen könnte."

Although Dr. Lessing is speaking of the conditions at a period much later than the one I am considering, still what he says is just as true of the writers and conditions from 1800 to 1850. What they say shows only to a small degree the life of the contemporary poetry of Germany.

We can clearly trace in the German-American productions the influence of German poets, chief among whom undoubtedly is Schiller. As Schiller is essentially a poet of "Freiheit", it is not at all surprising that the men who came to this country for the sake of freedom should read his works and be influenced by them. Bishop Henni wrote an Independence Day poem and prefixed it with the words from "Wilhelm Tell":

"Bei diesem Licht, das uns zuerst begrüsst
 Von allen Völkern ...
 Lasst uns den Eid des neuen Bundes schwören;
 Wir wollen sein ein einzig Volk von Brüdern,
 In keiner Not uns trennen noch Gefahr."

In the poem he applies Schiller's thoughts to the American nation:

"Blickt Brüder, blickt hinauf - wie aus den Wolkenringen
 Dort in den Frühlingschein der junge Morgen bricht.
 Wie hehr der Edlen Ruf erbebt auf gold'nen Schwingen,
 Der wiederbringt den Tag, der Völker ew'ges Licht."

Heil glücklich Volk! dem jetzt in engverschlung'nen Bande
 Der ernste Wille strebt hin zur Vollkommenheit,
 Der mit dem besten, aufgeklärtesten Verstande
 Sich ewig tätig nur dem Wohl des Ganzen weicht.

Land wo der Fleiss, wo jegliches Bemühen geehrt
 Das Streben, das zum Ziel und zur Vollendung ringt;
 Wo Achtung nur Verdienst und Rang und Ehr' gewährt,
 Wo Tugend Wahrheit gilt, Recht nicht im Staube ringt.

Heil Volk! wo Gleichheit lebt, gemeinsam Wohl für Jeden -
 Allüberall in Staat und Land verbreitet ist:
 Wo, um hier mit des heil'gen Sehers Wort zu reden,
 Gerechtigkeitsgefühl den Frieden kuldvoll küsst.

The ideas which Henri expresses here are the same which we find in Schiller's essay, "Ueber die aesthetische Erziehung der Menschheit". Another man who thought of Schiller in connection with Independence Day is Wilhelm Wagner. The last stanza of his poem, "Zur Feier des vierten Juli, 1834" reads:

"Die Freiheit lebe! D'rum sei uns gegrüsst
 Das Fest, das heut wir begehen!
 Durch Eintracht werde die Freiheit versüsst.
Durch Würde nur kann sie bestehen.
 Oft kehre wieder du Freudentag,
 Und halte den Deutschen für Freiheit wach!

It is very interesting to compare this to Schiller's essay, "Ueber Anmut und Würde" where he says: "Man fordert ... Würde von dem, der verpflichtet wird. Der ...

* Säkular Ausgabe, Vol. XI, pp. 234f.

soll, um durch die Abhängigkeit in die er tritt, die Menschheit, (doren heiliges Palladium Freiheit ist) nicht in seiner Person zu entehren,, das blosser Zufahren eines Triebes zu einer Handlung seines Willens erheben und auf diese Art, indem er eine Gunst empfängt, eine erzeugen."

From the pen of Dr. Franz Ciolina we have a poem which is plainly a counterpart to Schiller's "Ritter Toggenburg." Schiller pictures the consuming love of a knight for a lady who has retired to a monastery, while Ciolina has for the central figure a young bride, whose husband has left for the Holy Land and is falsely reported dead. She mourns his death for seven years. By this time the terrible grief has consumed all her strength and she dies at the altar just as the knight returns:

"Sieben Jahr in Sorg und Jammer

Hab ich ihn ersehnt;

Sieben Jahr in meiner Kammer

Trauernd hingestöhnt!

Nimm sie von mir, meine Leiden,

Mutter Gottes mein,

Führe mich zu deinen Freuden
In den Himmel ein!"

Kaum gesprochen sind die Worte
Wird sie leichenblass. -
Und ein Ritter an der Pforte
Eilet schnell fürbass..
Und er siehet am Altare
Sinken die Gestalt,
Und er legt sie auf die Bahre
Eine Leiche kalt.

Heil'ge Schauer ihn erfassten
Denn im toten Leib
Und im Artlitz der Erblassten
Schaut er nun sein Weib.
Sehnsucht zog sie hin zum Tode
Aus der Schlacht den Mann: -
Sehnsucht zog zum Morgenrote
Beide himmelan!"

Ciolina's work, of course, is only a weak imitation of the masterly ballad of Schiller. It is dependent on it for meter, for the plot, and the whole atmosphere of the poem. Other writers also drew on Schiller in much the same way, filling the external form of one of his immortal masterpieces with their own thoughts. For example, Schiller's "An die Freude", by an anonymous writer:

Ode zum 4. Juli, 1830.

Mit der Freude Jubelklänge
 Stosst die vollen Gläser an
 Und im frohen Rundgesange
 Töne: "Heil sei jedem Mann!
 Lasst der Helden Namen schallen,
 Die uns diesen Tag geweiht:
 Denen jetzt in Himmels Hallen
 Sich dies frohe Schauspiel beut.

Chorus

Wie ihr schönes Werk gelungen
 So ist göttlich auch ihr Lohn.
 Von der Nachwelt Richterthron
 Wird ihr Name hoch besungen.

These paraphrases of Schiller are insignificant to us, but what is of real importance is that the spirit of the patriots who swore the oath on the Rütli, of Marquis Posa, and of the Maid of Orleans lived in the men who came to our shores for freedom. They had as their heritage from Germany the high ideals of "Gedankenfreiheit" and "Menschenwürde" for which they were ready to fight and ready to die.

We find less of Goethe in these German-American poems, altho many poems have imitative phrases that show that his works were being read. Wilhelm Wagner, whom we have repeatedly quoted above, writes in the "Prolog zum Neuen Jahr, 1837":

"So gross ist oft der Mensch, um diesen Preis
 Ein Gott. Doch plötzlich sinkt er zügend nieder
 Und schämt sich kindisch seiner eignen Blösse
 Und sieht sich eng begrenzt und schwer gefesselt;
 Er weiss des Tages Wechsel nicht zu fassen,
 Versteht nichteine Seite recht zu lesen
 Im buntbemalten Bilderbuch des Lebens.
 Errötet vor der Schülerhaftigkeit,
 Liegt jammernd vor der Leidenschaft im Staube:
 Er muss vor jeder grossen Frage beben,
 Er fühlt sich bettelarm und nirgends heimisch. -
 Ist dieser Mensch des Gotts teilhaftig,
 Dem er nach der Weltenkrone kühn gegriffen?
 Ist's nicht ein Zwerg, der auf die Berge steigt
 Und ihre Höh' im tollen Traum verwechselt
 Mit seiner winzigen Erbärmlichkeit?
 - O geht mir doch mit diesem eitlen Toren,
 Der mit der Schwärmerei sein Spielwerk treibt
 Und einschläft, wenn er müde sich gespielt!

These lines, indeed, sound very much like Faust.
 Throughout the poem different phrases recall Goethe, for
 example, "schellenlauter Tor", "die Weltenseele liebend zu
 umfassen",

"O, wie beklag ich den, der nie empfunden

Dass er in sich den Götterfunken trägt", etc.

The lines which we find in a poem by Eduard Warrens:

"Gleiche Lasten, gleiche Rechte,

Alle Freie, keine Knechte,
Ist des Deutschen Lösungswort"

are a very close paraphrase of the last lines in "Der Schatzgräber":

"Tages Arbeit, abends Gäste!
Saure Wochen, frohe Feste!
Sei dein künftig Zauberwort.

Besides these examples I might mention a few traces of Goethe, for example, a few parodies on "Mignon", etc. But outside of his lyrics and his Faust it seems that very little of Goethe was known, just as in Germany he never enjoyed the popularity among the masses that Schiller possessed.

Another poet of liberty and freedom who was very popular among the emigrants was Theodor Körner. Hewas in many ways the ideal of the "Bund der Schwarzen". Follen translated several of his poems and wrote a poem himself which he called "Theodor Körner's Totenfeier":

"Deutschland, dem du treu verbunden,
Fühlt, o Bruder, deine Wunden
Blutet mit und freuet sich!
Bist ein König hochbeneidet,
Deines Blutes Furpur kleidet,
Heil'ge Dornen schmücken dich.

Julius Weyse also wrote a poem, "Die Fahnenweihe" directly paraphrasing "Lützows wilde, verwegene Jagd". The spirit of Körner's poetry, the willingness to die for liberty,

runs through a great many other poems on "Freiheit". Nikolaus Becker with his "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben" seems to have been very popular in America also. Two writers use words by Novalis and Fouque, respectively, as mottos for their poems. "Heil dir im Siegeskranz" was also imitated. Maximilian Oertel, the American Abraham a Sankta Klara, writes in the "Jobsiadenstil". Robert Clemens writes poems whose spirit and form is dependent on Philipp Spittas "Psalter und Harfe".

Movements that swept through German literature usually had their reflexes here in America. A number of poems show that "Hellenism" flourished also among the emigrants. Samuel Ludvigh, a very radical journalist, known as "der Fackelträger" wrote a poem "Griechenland":

"O schönes Griechenland mit deinen Weisen,
Du bist der Born der Kunst und Wissenschaft.
Aus deinen Schätzen kann man es beweisen,
Dass sich die Torheit selbst mit Lüge straft,
Dein Irrtum selbst ist reizend, und dein Wissen
Hat kühn dem Trug die Larve abgerissen." ...

John A. Wagner has written a poem called "Die Griechin" in which he tells the story of a Greek maiden inspiring a Greek youth to brave fighting in the war against the Turks. Gustav Körner also was seized by the Philhellenism, as we see from his poem "Navarino". - Quite a number of poems reflect the "Weltschmerz" of Lenau and others.

But of far greater interest to us than German influences is that part of the poetry which is typically American. Just like early English poets in this country were wholly dependant on England for their poetry, their images and pictures, speaking, for example, of the nightingale and other birds that never existed in America, so we find many of our German-Americans writing a merely formal sort of school-poetry. But soon those among the writers who were true poets felt their way clear to giving expression to their feelings in a true way with American subjects, American pictures, and American idioms.

One of the best among these is a Pennsylvania minister, Heinrich Harbaugh. He writes in the Pennsylvania-German dialect which has often been called a wild mixture of German and English of no literary value whatsoever. But, as Rattermann points out, exactly the same thing had been said about low German before Klaus Groth and Fritz Reuter made it a literary language; and if Harbaugh and others become known more widely people will probably change their opinion about Pennsylvania-German. "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick", "Heimweh", "Das Krischkindel" are all poems full of genuine feeling. As most of his poems are rather lengthy, I can quote here only one, "Der Pihwie":

"Pihwie, Pihwie, Pihwittittie!

Ei, Pihwie, bischt zerick?

Nau hock dich uf der Poschte hi'

Un sing dei' Morgeschtick.

Hoscht lang verweilt in Summerland,
 Bischt seit Oktower fort;
 Bischt drunne ordlich gut bekannt?
 Wie geht's de Fegel dort?

'S is schee dort uf der Orenschbeem:
 Gell, dort geht's gar kee' Schnee?
 Doch fiehlscht du als recht krank for heem,
 Wann's Zeit is for se geh'!

Bischt doch uns all recht wilkumm do;
 Denk, du bischt net zu frieh;
 Der Morge gukt emol net so -
 Gell net, du klee' Pihwie?

Pihwie, wo bauscht du dess Johr hi'?
 Kannstt wehle, wo du witt!
 Witt du am Haus 'n Plätzeli?
 Ich dheel d'rs willig mit.

Ich geh d'r neier Dreck for nix,
 Geilshoor un Flax un Helm;
 Nehmscht's ennihau! - Ich kenn dei Tricks,
 Du schmärter kleener Schelm!

Dess is juscht G'schpass, mei' Fihwiefreind,
 Ich rechel dich kee' Dieb!
 Hettischt mit mei'm Gold dei Nescht geleint,

Du wärscht m'r jüsch so lieb.

'N Friejohr ohne dich, Pihwie,

Wär wie 'ne leeri Welt!

Dei Diensch, mei' liewes Fegeli,

Bezahlt m'r net mit Geld!

Pihwie, wie'n milde Luft du bringscht!

Die Friejohrssunn, wie schee'!

"S gebt nau, weil du 'mal Morgets singscht,

Kee' Winterdage meh'.

Pihwie, Pihwie, Pihwittittie!

Bin froh, du bischt zerick.

Nau hock dich uf d'r Foschte hi'

Un sing dei Morgeschtick!

Another poet who wrote some fine poems is Alfred Schücking, the younger brother of the German poet Levin Schücking who was loved by Annette von Droste. How charming a little work like, "Die Walddrossel":

"Oft im Sommer singt es fort

"Eolie, - Eolie!"

Wiederholt dies eine Wort,

Singt's ein kleiner Vogel dort,

Ruft sein Lieb von Ort zu Ort:

"Eolie"!

Singt er wie er sehnendharrt,

Diese süsse Melodie:

"Eolie, - Eolie!"

Tönt es voll wie Flötenklang

"Eolie, - Eolie!"

Lauscht der Bach die Wies entlang,

Lauscht der Wald am Bergeshang,

Wilder Blumen Herz durchdrang,

"Eolie!"

Tönt bis Sonnenuntergang,

Diese süsse Melodie:

"Eolie, - Eolie!"

The Indian as the true child of nature, as far as I am able to judge, figures a great deal more in the works of German poets than in those of the German-Americans. Most likely it is the old story of distance lending enchantment. Still there are a few writers who idealize him in the manner of Cooper. Lenau's "Die drei Indianer" is quite well known. Dr. F. W. G. Stahl in his poem "Die Rache" presents a picture of filial love, willingness to forgive and faithfulness among the Indians, not unlike Seume's "Der Hurone". Gustav Adolph Neumann treats of persons and subjects in American history, chiefly the history of the Germans in New York. One of his poems "Christian Schell" gives the story of the Indians' attack on the settlers. Outside of these few examples there is little mention made of the Indian.

The American scenery had far more charms for the poets. The Indian mounds, the vast prairies, the Fata Morgana, Niagara Falls, and other typical American subjects occur in their writings quite frequently. The immensity of America with room for all made an enormous impression on the immigrants most of whom hailed from the petty two-by-four states into which Germany was split up.

That the Germans made good American citizens is shown by the huge amount of patriotic poetry. There is a long list of Independence Day odes which emphasize that America is the new fatherland to which the immigrants must be faithful. Franklin and Washington are eulogized in a great many poems, the latter even to the extent of making him a god.

"Es lastet kein Fehl, kein Tadel auf ihm,
Ein Gott unter Menschen auf Erden.
So rein kann die Weisse der Lilie nicht blühen,
So treu war kein Hirt seiner Herden."

or:

"Was hoch dort wie Sirius funkelt,
Ist Washington's herrlicher Stern;
Im Buch der Geschichte verdunkelt
Kein andrer ihm nahe und fern."

Surely, no one could ask for patriotic outbursts of deeper fervor than these and others written by "the foreigners".

As I have said above, although we find quite a number of good poems among the works of the German-Americans,

still as a whole their work is but mediocre. However, their chief value is not a literary one. The reason why the German-American poetry deserves to be studied is because in it we find the spontaneous expression of men of great ideas, undaunted courage, and high idealism who left their own homes to found new homes in a new world. Their deeds in America have found no Homer - though the great American wars and the winning of the West saw as many immortal heroes as the plains of Ilium - but the German-American poets increase our knowledge of American history by showing how

... "Der deutschen erprobete Treue
Sieget an Washingtons Seite aufs Neue,
Opfert der Freiheit mit Freuden ihr Blut."

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